

# DAILY LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XVIII.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1861.

NUMBER 104.

## Daily Democrat

TERMS OF DAILY DEMOCRAT TO THE COUNTRY.  
One Year.....\$5.00  
Six Months.....\$3.00  
Three Months.....\$1.50  
One Month.....50  
No subscriptions taken for less than one month.

Our Hawas were shot or captured; but that Henry M. Rust was killed, receiving five wounds. We may receive the official report in two or three days.

### Letter from Daviess County.

Owensboro, Ky., Nov. 13, 1861.  
Editors Democratic—Gentlemen: Stopping a few days at this place, I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of that venerable gentleman, "the oldest inhabitant," who tells me that the number of fugitives from slavery crossing the Ohio river within the last half century has no comparison to the number of fugitives from rebels during the last four months. Fugitives from slavery, like the people of the South, become sick of peace and weary of prosperity, and set out in search of their rights. The former generally find it in poverty and want; while, with disappointment and death, with all their melanoholy surroundings, await them. Not so with fugitives from rebels. They seek those inalienable rights to life, liberty and property, which rebels and traitors deny them. It is believed in the South, and even in portions of Kentucky, that loyal men have no rights whatever, and traitors are "bound to protect."

The question here arises, Shall we wait the slow process of legislation for a law to restore these fugitives to their rights, to their families, their homes? or, shall there be made a "military necessity" for their rendition? or shall the Union men surrender their rights to the invading foe? To this mirthink, I hear the voice of Crittenden. He speaks as he spoke at Buena Vista—he says it is as there: "Loyalty (Taylor) never surrenders."

Without intending any reflection upon other distinguished Generals now in the service, I must be allowed to say that Crittenden is the right man in the right place. He is on his road to visit his home, Logan; and as he goes, he is sustained and quickened by more than ten thousand prayers from devout and pious hearts, which cannot fail to be effectual. General Crittenden is already recognized as a general of a noble fire. But when he shall have succeeded in driving rebels and traitors out of his native and fondly cherished Green river country, his name will at once be associated with the truly great of his native State.

In his triumphal march to conquest and victory, I see close by his side a man whom the God of saw fit to name Jackson. It was deemed fortunate for our country, in the war of 1812, that we had a Jackson; it is equally fortunate now, that we have a Jackson. It is believed, by competent judges, that but few men are more eminently possessed of the essential qualities of a military commander than Hon. James S. Jackson. His regimen of cavalry, too, are worthy of such a leader. When the word On to Nashville! shall be given, it will be obeyed.

Next comes the gallant and chivalrous Burbridge, who, whether in the social circle, at the hustings, or on the tented battle field, is the admired of all observers. His courtesy and elegance of manners, with his dignified bearing, point him out as one fit to command. His recent interview with a determined rebel army, at Woodbury, gives an earnest that he will be a brilliant career. His regimen of infantry, too, will follow where he leads. His bills, too, are up for Nashville, via Russellville (his house), and it is said that many are the fervent, but secret, prayers offered up in that vicinity for his speedy return; while rebels and traitors there dread such an event as they do the grave.

I have not yet visited the regiments under command of Colonels McHenry, Hawkins and Shadlock. I am acquainted with these men and feel satisfied from their character as brave, gallant and generous men, that the high character of Kentucky's gallant sons will not suffer in their hands.

In all three regiments there are men who have fled for safety to the tented field.

They now pant for liberty to return, doubly armed, in quest of their rights.

Their orders now will be powder and cannon, while their arguments will be lead and steel.

"Thrice armed art they whose cause is just."

### The Port Royal Fight.

WHAT DUPONT SAYS OF IT.

In a private letter to Assistant Secretary Fox, dated subsequent to the battle, Com-Dupont says:

I have been too fatigued to send a detailed account of the battle, but my report is full up to the evening of it. I think it will interest you, but have to content myself with a succinct account, which I think will be liked as well as a more detailed narrative.

We kept under way and made three turns, though we passed five times between the forts. We had a flanking division of five ships to watch Tattnall, who had eight small swift steamers ready to pounce upon our should they be disabled.

I could get none of my big frigates up. I thought the Sabine would have gotten clear up, but Lieutenant Lawrence sent me no word, and the Savannah was blown off. I don't regret now, however, except on their account.

I believe my plan clever. I stood against the side, and had the management of their forces in command. Their confidence was extorted that they could beat us away. They fought bravely. Their rifled guns never missed. They aimed at our bridge, where they knew they could make a hole, if it were a lucky shot, through the center, and let the water into the after magazine. But I saved a hundred lives by keeping under way and bearing in close.

I found their sights graduated at six hundred yards. When they once broke, the stampede was immense, and their guns were spiked.

Our troops, when they saw our flag flying ashore, were powerless to cheer, but wept. Gen. Sherman was deeply affected, and the soldiers were loud and unceasing in their expressions of admiration and gratitude. We do not allow our victory to cheek our ardor, but dispatched some vessels immediately, under Captain Gillis, over to the other side.

To-day we had an expedition to Easonford to take the light vessels, but they were fired instantly after the surrender.

The negroes are wild with joy and enthusiasm. They say they have been shot down like dogs, because they wouldn't go with their masters.

A boat stationed at Sewall creek cuts off all communication with Savannah and Charleston.

**SENATION STORY.**—We have heard it stated that a gentleman of this city, who has a brother in the army of the Potomac, has recently received a letter from his brother, stating that, while digging some intrenchments on the Virginia side, a telegraphic wire was found buried in the ground, making a perfect telegraphic communication between Alexandria and Richmond, over which information has been constantly transmitted to the rebels. It is even said that piece of the cable was inclosed in the letter—that it is a fine copper wire inclosed in a coating of gutta-percha, and has probably been laid down for a year or so previous to the outbreak of the rebellion, with a view to the present state of affairs. We have not yet seen the gentleman to whom the letter is said to have been addressed, and are disposed to regard the whole as a "sensation story" of the first magnitude. Should it, however, prove to be true, which is very possible, it will account for the accuracy and speed of information which has been transmitted to the rebels of all our important movements, and ought to result in bringing a good many necks to the hangman's halter.—*Springfield Ill. Journal.*

### Beaufort District, South Carolina. INTERESTING PARTICULARS.

[Special dispatch to the St. Louis Democrat.]

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Nov. 11, A. M.

The rear guard of the advanced parties of the brigade of Gen. Wynn and portions of the divisions of Gens. Asboth and Sigel. The latter is in command and will bring up the rear.

No one anticipates any interruption from the enemy, who at last accounts had again pulled up stakes and were southward bound; besides that, they will not care to follow too closely after Sigel.

This will give us an average in round numbers of five slaves for every white inhabitant of the district, so that no better point than this district could be selected at this crisis for trial of the temper of this vital concern State's institution of slavery.

The agricultural returns of the census from this district embrace the following very interesting statistics, and the reader will bear it in mind that the whole district, or county, is flat and swampy, and made up almost entirely of sea islands, separated from each other by a very remarkable network of inlets, cañons and bayous.

BEAUFORT (S. C.) DISTRICT.

Farms.....	817
Acres improved.....	232,285
Acres unimproved.....	657,469
Houses, ass'ts and mules.....	3,041
Cattle.....	48,534
Swine.....	37,385
Sheep and lambs raised.....	2,405
Rye and oats.....	49,621
Indian corn.....	1,200
Pea and beans.....	26,303
Butter and cheese.....	85
Hay, tons.....	38,445
Molasses, gal. tons.....	20,100
Flax, pounds.....	47,200,002
Wool, pounds.....	2,733
Reseas and honey.....	7,975
Wax and tallow.....	2,000
Product of market gardens.....	2,000
Orchard produce.....	2,163
Wheat, gallons.....	300

MANUFACTORIES.

Capital employed.....\$63,000

Hands employed.....70

Product in dollars.....\$10,000

Reduced to an analysis, these are exceedingly interesting statistics. First, we find this district of Beaufort divided into 812 farms; or, in other words, the whole district is divided among 812 land owners, allowing an average of nearly 3,000 acres of improved land, forty negroes, and only six horses, mules and asses to each farm, all told. This will give us an idea of the vast amount of labor performed by the negroes with the hoe, the spade and shovel; and then it must be remembered that, cut up as the district is with islands, boats discharge, to a great extent, the duties performed elsewhere by horses, asses and mules.

In the matter of pork and bacon, an allowance of one hog to each inhabitant will perhaps do. The great productions of the country are rice, cotton (sea island), and Indian corn. At the present prices of Beaufort, district may put down at two millions five hundred thousand dollars; and at six cents a pound, may set down at its rice crop at the same figure; and, at a dollar a bushel, its Indian corn crop at half a million, making an aggregate product from these three staples of five and a half million dollars.

The rebels have not probably heard of the retrograde movement on the part of the Federal army much before last evening.

General Wyman's brigade is just leaving for Rolla. He will be followed by General Asboth to-morrow and General Sigel on Wednesday.

The rebels have not probably heard of the retrograde movement—the sick, wounded, and prisoners—rumors on a battle.

[Special dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

CAMP GRANT Headquaters General Wyman's brigade, sixteen miles south of Lebanon, Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, 1861.

General Wyman's brigades, which left Springfield yesterday morning, has progressed this far on their retrograde march. There are now four hundred and forty of the sick and wounded in charge of the brigades, including Colonel Prior, a noted rebel scoundrel, notorious in this section. Two of the sick have died since leaving; one on Saturday, and one this evening just after getting into camp. One belongs to the Twenty-fifth Illinois; his name is not as yet ascertained. The name of the other was John Tauskay, of the Seventh Missouri. Both have been decently buried.

Henry Holt, of Whiteside county, Ill., a bugler in company A of Maj. Bowser's cavalry battalion, died suddenly of an apoplectic fit while sitting by the camp fire last evening. He was buried in the morning before leaving camp.

All of the sick and wounded will be conveyed from Rolla to St. Louis by special train.

A rumor overtook us from Springfield this morning that Lane had had a brush with the enemy near Mt. Vernon. It is not ascertained by Gen. Wyman. Lane having left Springfield for Greenville.

Nothing now from Price's command.

Country hereabouts perfectly quiet, with no signs of the enemy.

[Special dispatch to the Missouri Democrat.]

CAMP SILAS MILLER, Ky., Nov. 9.

I suppose you think I have forgotten you and all friends in Ohio, but this is not the case. Before the males were cut off, the secesh exercised such vigilance over the post-office South, I thought my best course was to drop all Northern correspondence, least be arrested, enriched and secured against the grinding despotism of Jeff Davis.

An interesting question, which we hope will be solved in a general Southern reaction for the Union, beginning at Beaufort—N. Y. Herald.

ABOLITION RAMPANT.—We make an occasional extract from the National Anti-Slavery Standard, to show the animus of abolitionists.

Parker Pillsbury writes as follows on the Fremont affair:

Let President Lincoln understand that the people here in the West wish to see the evidence presented, the condemnation and certainly the sentence and execution.

And some may wish yet to know whether the prudence and economy about Washington have been such as to demand so summary a punishment.

Will it be treasonable to petition Congress to impeach the President and his advisers on the first Monday in December next, before the going down of the sun? If so, a good many of us are traitors in heart, to the extent of desiring it. And I know of nothing, were Congress brave and honest, that would attend to subserve the ends of the Twenty-fifth Illinois; his name is not as yet ascertained. The name of the other was John Tauskay, of the Seventh Missouri. Both have been decently buried.

Henry Holt, of Whiteside county, Ill., a bugler in company A of Maj. Bowser's cavalry battalion, died suddenly of an apoplectic fit while sitting by the camp fire last evening. He was buried in the morning before leaving camp.

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[Interesting Letter.]

The Cincinnati Gazette had permission to publish a private letter addressed to John Mills, of that city, part of which we give below, merely prefixing that the writer is in Capt. Somerby's artillery, attached to Col. Burbridge's regiment:

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

Office—79 Third Street, east side, between Market and Jefferson.

FUNDAY MORNING....NOVEMBER 17, 1861.

## Railroad Matters.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.  
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY AND CHICAGO RAILROAD.

On and after Monday, Aug. 12, passenger trains will leave New Albany as follows:

LEAVE NEW ALBANY.

Chicago Express (daily except Sunday). . . . . 8:10 A. M.  
St. Louis Night Express (daily). . . . . 7:45 P. M.

ARRIVE AT NEW ALBANY.

St. Louis Train (Sunday excepted). . . . . 4:20 A. M.  
Arrive Louisville. . . . . 6:15 A. M.  
Leave Louisville. . . . . 7:00 P. M.

Reach Louisville. . . . . 7:00 P. M.

JEFFERSONVILLE RAILROAD.

Jeffersonville and Evansville Express. . . . . 2:30 P. M.

Connection Train (at Jeffersonville with G. & M. Railroad) East and West. . . . . 9:30 P. M.

LOUISVILLE AND LEXINGTON R. R.

Passenger Train No. 1. . . . . 6:50 A. M.

Passenger Train No. 2. . . . . 2:00 P. M.

Accommodation Train. . . . . 4:00 P. M.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE R. R.

Passenger Train (Sunday excepted). . . . . 7:00 P. M.

Bethelton and Elizabethtown (counties excepted). . . . . 4:00 P. M.

Closing and Arrival of the Mails at the Louisville Postoffice.

Postal Western, and Northern close at 12:00 noon, and arrive at 1:00 P. M.

Southern Kentucky, via L. & N. R. R. (small office close at 12:00 noon, and arrives 2:00 P. M.)

Metropolis and Cincinnati, close at 9:00 A. M., and arrive at 1:00 P. M.

L. & N. R. R. close at 12:00 at night and 1:00 P. M., and arrives at 1:30 A. M., and 6:30 P. M.

Nicholasville close at 12:00 at night, and arrives at 6:00 A. M.

Eliz. R. R. close at 12:00 at night, and arrives at 6:00 A. M.

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Shawneetown Train (tri-weekly) closes at 12:00 at 6:00 A. M., and arrives at 1:00 P. M.

Metropolis and River (tri-weekly) leaves Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 1:00 P. M., and arrives at 6:00 A. M.

Taylorsville Stage close at 8:00 A. M., and arrives at 4:00 P. M.

Eliz. R. R. stage coach when the principal mails close at 12:00 at night, the waymills close at 9:00 P. M.

COLT'S PISTOLS.—Good Union men, who may be in need of Colt's pistols, can learn where they can be had at very low prices, by making application at this office.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Saturday, Nov. 16 Wm. Runach and Susan Gray before the court, were very badly—played man and wife, but not being married they were held to answer in the sum of one hundred dollars; sent up.

Ezra Knapp and Mary McAloney; drunk and disorderly; discharged.

John Morton got on a drunk and made too much noise; \$100 for three months; gave bail.

John McKane, disorderly conduct in the way of stealing apples from peddlers at the Nashville depot; \$300 for one year's good behavior; gave it.

ARRESTS.—Seven prisoners were brought in from the neighborhood of Greensburg yesterday morning and lodged in jail in our city. Their names are as follows: Banj, Dabney, Lewis Sheats, Thos. Waite, Geo. Lail, James Ratchford, J. C. Cresson, and Eliza Bark. They were captured by a detachment from Gen. McCook's brigades as they were on their way to join the rebel forces.

Thus R. Mattingly, of Bardstown, was also brought in before daylight yesterday morning, having been arrested by some of Col. Pepp's regiment.

FLAG PRESENTATION.—A very interesting ceremony took place at the corner of Fifth and Broadway yesterday afternoon. Miss Gross, Miss Kidd, and other young ladies of that part of the city, have wrought a beautiful flag for Company C, Capt. Benson, of the Provo's Guard. This flag was presented to the company yesterday by Miss Kidd in a neat address, which was happily responded to, and the company then marched to the Provost Marshal's office, where Marshal Dins addressed them a few appropriate words.

RELEASED.—We learn that Messrs. Davidson, Nicholls, Campbell, Womack, Chinn, and Waleup, from Greenup county, a part of the young men brought to this city from Grayson, Ky., on a charge of suspicion of treason, were set at liberty yesterday by taking the oath of allegiance. They were a fine looking set of fellows, and we hope, have returned to their friends and homes wiser and better.

SAF—We learn that a member of the Louisville Legion, Rousseau's Brigade, said to be a drummer named Oliver Riley, is lying very low with typhoid fever at the Hospital, corner of Ninth and Broadway. It is said his mother is living in this city, but he is so low he cannot speak to tell where she lives. Will those who may know her notify her of her son's whereabouts? It would be a charity to both.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.—The following persons obtained marriage licenses from the clerk of the Jefferson County Court during the week ending last evening:

George S. and Barbara King, J. M. Gilmore & Maria F. Keeler to Elizabeth Kratz, Michal Murray to John C. Keeler, John C. Keeler to Mary A. G. Ward to Mary Keeler, Patrick Hurley to Margaret Murphy, John W. Watson to Emily A. Howard, James W. Watson to Mary E. Soddy to Asahel Hurley, David Murphy to Mary Murphy.

A subscriber in Franklin county writes to his paper sent to a different P. O., and says: "I am over seventy years old, but, notwithstanding my age, I had rather ride from my house to Frankfort, which is six miles, than to ride one quarter of a mile to a postoffice kept by a Secessionist."

A full meeting of the loyal ladies of the fourth ward is requested for Tuesday morning, Nov. 19, at 9 o'clock, at Mrs. Thomas Quigley's, on Third street.

No. 3 of the Zouave Gazette, published at Elizabethtown, came to hand last night. It is one of the largest, handsomest and best edited weekly papers in the State.

The mail agent, Jno. Nelson, between Newport and Alexandria, has been removed for disloyalty, and James Jenner appointed in his place.

Persons in all parts of the city supplied with copies of the Democrat by prompt carriers. Leave your names at the office, or with the carriers.

The German regiment of Newport and that of this city will be consolidated, making seven full companies and three partly filled.

Some one at Crothersville, Ind., has sent us one dollar for the Weekly Democrat, but failed to send his name. Will he be pleased to do so?

We learn that Col. Byrnes' cavalry regiment has now eight full companies fully organized and sworn in.

We are credibly informed that on Friday last—Jeff Davis' day set apart for fasting and prayer—one church in our city mustered a small congregation to offer up their prayers in behalf of the traitor and his cause. We have very little inclination to criticize the devotional exercises of any denomination, and much less to envy the heart of those who engage in the religious services asked by Davis, in behalf of his unholy and wicked schemes. It looks like the veriest mockery in view of the rapine and murder committed by Davis' followers, wherever they have obtained power. When we remember how men have been banished from their homes, or thrown into prison for being loyal to the Government, and obedient to the laws of the country, in the South, it is not a burning shame that there are those in this community, enjoying the protection of the law and the benefits of the Government, who debase their nature and insult their Maker, by appeals to his throne in behalf of those who are despoiling the land? Their disloyalty is unquestionable. They are in the midst of a peaceable and law-abiding people—hence they are unchristian.

What would be the fate of a congregation of law-abiding Union men in the extreme South, on a day of national thanksgiving appointed by the President of the United States, who would assemble, and, in prayer, ask Divine intercession in behalf of our bleeding country? They would share the prison cells with the law-abiding people in the South now in durance vile—not for breaking the law, but because they would not break it by engaging with them in the damnable treason they are daily practicing.

Let them pray, if they can, for the success of those who would burn our city and devastate the country for those who, finding Kentucky ever loyal to the Union, bring battle to her borders, and who desire to make her again "the dark and bloody ground." If they have prayers that can reach the throne in heaven, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

PROFESSOR ANDERSON TO MORROW EVENING.—The first appearance of the renowned Professor Anderson, at Masonic Hall, tomorrow evening, will, in all probability, ensure a very crowded house. Many years have passed since he visited this city, and during that period he has visited Europe, Australia, India and California, perfecting himself in the art of wizardry and outlining flowers from the fields of magic in every clime. During the last three weeks he has been performing at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, where his success, if we may judge from heresay and from the press of that city, has really been very great.

THE EXPEDITION.—Our New York exchanges of the 14th come to us crowded with the particulars of the great expedition from the day of setting sail to the day after the capture of the forts in the vicinity of Beaufort. All the news of interest has been already published. The correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes on the 8th from St. Paul Royal harbor, from which we extract:

The fleet which left Hampton Roads October 29, after encountering a terrible storm, arrived on Monday, the 5th, and immediately commenced operations. You will have complete details in my next letter. The scene was sublime beyond description.

Our sailors and soldiers acted with wonderful bravery, and nothing but flight saved the foe from a terrible slaughter. The rebels ran like frightened sheep. This is a most interesting country. We have already seen enough to feel that there is great distrust of treason among the people. There will be no attempt, from present appearances, to resist our advances; for we can see that the whole population is pro-fried and impoverished.

BUCKNER COMING.—As Buckner is coming to town, it is time the citizens were preparing to receive him and give him a warm reception. To do this, every citizen should have his kitchen chimney and grates in the best order. I am prepared to do all that kind of work at short notice, and in the very best style. Orders left at T. M. Hicks, on Fifth street, or Wm. Sowders, on Third street, will be promptly attended to. [Nov. 10 Sat.] JOHN WALLACE.

FOR SELLERS AND SOLDIERS.—We have in store 1,000 bushels choice navy beans of 1861, 100 bushels No. 1 sour krait, 50 cask oyster sides, very heavy, 40 oysters ribbed sides, 50,000 lbs Western Reserve butter, from 8 to 14 per pound. All of the above will be sold low to close consignments, by Clifford & Co., 226 Main street.

SOMETHING WORTHY OF PATRONAGE.—The Semi-monthly Sewing Meeting of this ward will meet on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Kaye, on Broadway, near Seventh street, at 12 o'clock P. M. Those who cannot meet with us, and prefer working at home, will find garments ready cut at Mrs. Preston Pope's on Fifth street. Let every lady that can assist in this important work. Persons contributing hospital supplies will please leave them with Mrs. Dr. McClelland, on Fifth street.

Notice to Owners of Property.—GRADING AND PAVING OF SIDEWALKS.

The owners of lots and parts of lots described below are hereby informed that an ordinance has been passed by the General Council, approved and published, requiring the grading and paving of the side-walk in front of their respective lots; and if they fail to have the same properly done within thirty days from the date hereof, the work will be done under a contract at the expense of the owners, as provided for in the 3d section of the 7th article of the City Charter. All drains from lots or houses to be laid under the side-walks in iron pipe in accordance with the ordinance regulating the same.

Sail work, when executed, to be received by the City Engineer, and if not done in every respect in accordance with specifications regulating side-walk paving, to be repaired at the expense of the property owners.

To recruit and repave the unfinished portion of the side walk on the south side of Great street, from the east line of W. P. Hahn's lot, west to Floyd street:

James C. Johnson, Sr. . . . . 133 feet.

James C. Johnson, Jr. . . . . 32 feet.

William Johnson. . . . . 32 feet.

J. M. Delphy, Mayor. . . . . 910 dols.

RECEIVED BY EXPRESS THIS MORNING, A large lot of new style CLOTH CLOAKS, at two following prices:

25 CLOTH CLOAKS at 85.

15 " " 85.

15 " " 85.

15 " " 85.

15 " " 85.

Also, a fresh stock of

Petit's Embroidered Kid Gloves.

C. T. MERRIMAN, National Hot-bed building, Fourth st.

S. BARKER, J. E. MIDDLETON.

100 CLOTH CLOAKS!

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

W. L. WARD, D. F. ATKE  
**Pitkin, Ward & Co.**  
(Successors to Pitkin Brothers),  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**SEEDS.**  
A GRANULATED IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,  
Tree, Plants, Lime, Hydraulic Cement, Plaster, Etc.,  
311 MAIN STREET  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Mr. Avery being a partner in our house enables us to furnish Wholesale Dealers with their flows of low-grade seeds.

**WM. B. WILSON,**  
Successor to G. W. Bushaw.

## Grass Seeds!

KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS, ORCHARD GRASS,  
RED GRASS, CLOVER, TIMOTHY, GRASS  
GRASS, MILLET &c. All kinds of  
SEEDS.

A few practical offices and salerooms, No. 6 East Fourth Street, just behind Main Street, Louisville, KY.

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## Garden Seeds,

HORSE-POWERS, THRESHERS, PLOWS OF all the  
several improved patterns, WHEATING, HAY  
MAKERS, SAWMILLS, HORSES, HITCHES, CUM-  
MEN, CUMMEN, LIME, CALCIUM, PLASTER, LAND PLAS-  
TER, ETC. ETC.

A few practical offices and salerooms in store and  
will be sold at prices set.

**WM. B. WILSON,**  
No. 222 West Main street, same side.

**GUTHRIE INSURANCE AND  
TRUST COMPANY.**

Chartered Capital \$500,000  
Paid in and Secured \$100,000

Organized and ready to engage  
in a general Fire and Marine  
Business on liberal terms.

In Business at South Main Bank, corner of Main  
and Bullitt Streets, Louisville, KY.

ANDREW GRADIN, President.

J. A. PATTON, Vice-President.  
D. R. COOPER, Secretary.

W. E. BOWKEL, Thomas Long J. P. Mar-  
shall, Kerasier, Carter, Jacob F. Walker, Alex. Orlan,  
John H. Hutchinson, Jason G. Emery, William Musenbach,  
John D. Allen, W. D. Lovell, Ben E. Avery.

2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009.

**Franklin Company,**  
OFFICE OF THE FRANCIS INSURANCE COMPANY, KY.  
100 Main Street, Louisville, KY.

AT A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS HELD THIS  
day, October 1st, in the year, the following gentlemen were  
elected:

JAMES TRADUE, President.

DIRECTOR.

William Garvin, Samuel E. Wilder, Samuel L. Rock,  
William Hughes, William Terry, George W. Anderson,  
John W. Anderson, W. Geo. Anderson,  
Warren Hite, Secretary.

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# Daily Democrat

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

By MRS. CAROLINE SOULE.

"Morning again!" and the weary, wasted invalid lifted his head from his pillow and looked pitifully over the dim room. "Oh that the night had been longer! To the wretched, sleep is dear. My poor, poor wife—my darling babies—must they freeze and starve? Oh, God! it is too much!" And with her hand from his eyes, the pale invalid rose from the scanty covering and groaned aloud.

It was no wonder that he was out of heart on that cold, dark December day. At best, he had a hard struggle to get food, and for the past six months the struggle had been almost desperate, for his wife had been unable to assist him in the least, being confined to her bed with a slow wasting disease. His little daughter Marie, a pretty child of twelve, kept the room tidy, and herself and two little brothers by wax. By the aid of her mother's whispered directions she also managed to cook the scanty meals, and also managed to do up the weekly washing and ironing.

"My little sunbeam," the father fondly called her, "your mother would say, in her sweet tones, 'angel'."

On Christmas day the young housekeeper waited until it was pitch dark for her father to come home to his frugal supper, and then, with fearful foreboding at her heart, undressed the little boys and put them to bed, and tied on her cloak and hood to go for him. A crowd met her at the very threshold. With a wild cry, she rushed toward the inanimate form they carried upon a board. It was her father brought home to them with a broken leg.

A week had passed since this misfortune. By the sale of their few pieces of furniture, the wolf had been kept from the door. But now nothing remained save the coarse bed on which the distressed ones slept. No coal for the little grate; no tea for the feverish lips; no crust for the famished children! What should be done?

It was a question little Marie asked herself as she lay there watching the few pale numbers that struggled through the window. And she asked it often after she had risen and dressed herself and her brothers, and smoothed the two beds. Bread they must have that day. They were all faint even now, and the boys clamoring for their breakfast.

Suddenly a bright thought came to the little daughter. She remembered having seen in the coffee houses, young girls, no taller than she, waiting upon the customers. Perhaps they would try her. "If they only would," she murmured softly. "I am lonely, quick and patient, and I would try so hard to oblige."

"Twelve, nay—large ones, too," she gasped. "They must have that day. They were all faint even now, and the boys clamoring for their breakfast."

The man stared at her curiously. The color rose to her brow, but she said nothing, and hurried away with her warm, fragrant bundle.

"Is it you, Marie? What kept you so long, daughter? Quick, break me a crust; I am faint."

Like an angel the little stranger looked to them as she glided in, her cheeks like apple blossoms, and her hair falling over her shoulders, like ripples of sunshine.

"Marie cannot come home yet," she said, in a voice that was sweet as a robin's in the woodlands. "I will try, at least, and see what I can do," and after watching a moment the weary sleep of her parents, she whispered to the little boys that she was going out to get some bread for them, and hurried away.

She did go to the baker's, but her pitiful story failed to touch his cold heart, and there were tears in his cold cheeks as she turned away. Even if she remained a week, she could hope for no wages till Saturday, and there were four weary days between this and that. Bread would be too late if she waited till then. What should she do? She asked herself the question with a quivering lip. Never before had their poverty driven them to that strait, and it was hard, even now, with the picture of that wretched home fresh in her vision, to plead for charity. But she did it. Again and again, she said to the passer-by, "Please, sir, please, ma'am, give me a penny to buy bread for my sick parents."

By the gentlemen had their overcoats to their chins, and the ladies were enveloped in furs, and it was too much like trouble to find their pocket-books or purses just to supply a beggar's wants.

"Go to the soup-house," said one, at last more churlish than the rest. "The city provides for such as you."

It was a new idea to her, and as fast as she could carry her she went, and entering the soup-houses had told her story to the attending trustees.

"I will report the case to the committee," said the woman quietly, making a memorandum of the name and number of the street. "Come in to-morrow morning, and I will do what I can for you."

To-morrow! She would be too weak to walk so far by that time, and what would become of the rest?

With a heavy heart, she went home, having no courage to present herself as a waif at any of the coffee houses she passed or her way.

"Did you get some?" cried the boy, gathering about her, and pulling off her cloak to see if it were hidden in her cloak or under her arms.

"Did you get some?" said two faint voices from the bed in the corner, and the coverlet was thrown off, and two pairs of thin, white hands put forth.

"No, no," she answered plaintively. "But I will try again. Keep up good hope."

"There will be plenty out of the oven now, I know, plenteous," she said to herself, as she buttoned her cloak over the threshold; "plenteous, and I'll have some, too. They shall not starve. Men and women forsake me; God doesn't bear me any longer! There is nothing left for me to do but stand!"

Her face paled as she spoke it, and for a few moments there was a wild wrestle in her heart. Then she went on quietly, pausing an instant before each baker's door, and looking anxiously within. By and by she found one that seemed empty.

A whole pile of steaming loaves lay upon the counter.

She rushed in and seized one, and hiding it under her cloak, fled madly up the street. But the baker had seen her from the little sitting room door, and was after her, crying in fury, "Stop thief, stop thief!" A crowd followed her and the poor child was soon taken.

"A clear case," said the police officer who took her in hand—properly found on her. She must go to the courtroom.

In vain she pleaded with them, and told her story. "They must do their duty, she might have begged; she might have gone to the soup-house; there was no excuse for stealing at any rate."

No excuse, and her mother was dying for food!

An important trial was just closing, and all the avenues to the courthouse were thronged.

"They'll be through soon," said the officer to the baker; "we'll wait here a few moments. No danger of her getting away while my grip is on her;" and he tightened his grip on the shrinking arm, till the flesh quivered with pain.

"Take me home first," she said sadly; "she will worry about me so. My poor mother will die if she thinks I'm lost."

"They'll never find out where you are," said he gravely. "The news is like lightning; it travels so fast."

"Oh dear, oh dear! What will become of them?" and she sobbed aloud.

A little girl about her age was passing by—a rich man's child—yoner would know it by the embroidered dress and cloak, the rich velvet hood, and the costly fur tipped and muffed. But there was no false pride; hidden under the expensive raiment; a worn heart was beating there, and its sympathies went out far towards the poor little prisoner. For a moment she paused, as if irresolute upon her plan of action; then laying her mitten hand gently on the officer's she said politely:

"May I speak to her?"

"Oh yes; she's not committed yet." Putting her rosily flushed cheek close to the purple one, she whispered very earnestly. Marie told her her story; and begged she would by the love the poor hearted mother, not tell her humble home, and comfort the distressed ones.

"I will, I will," the stranger replied earnestly; "and don't you cry more; my father knows the judge, and he'll get you away to-morrow. Good-bye—keep up a good heart!" and off she ran.

She knew her mother to be one of the most charitable of women, and hastened

home to tell her the story of Marie; but unfortunately she had just gone to ride, and would not be back till near dinner time.

"What can I do?" she cried, and wrung her hands.

"They want coal, and bread, and tea, and so many things, and I have only ten cents in my pocket."

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